

Every church-yard, my dear children, bears some testimony of the fatal effects of children being rash and careless, and of their being killed by imprudently playing with horses and other cattle. The accidents attending human life are of themselves numerous enough, and you little children should, as early as possible, be admonished to avoid them.

Bless us, master Billy, what beautiful flies are hovering over the graves of these departed little ones! They too have only a little time to live, and perhaps even a few hours may strip them of all their gaudy apparel, and reduce them to the last state of nature.

There is a certain country, where a vast variety of insects are to be seen in different forms, some living low in the ground, others sporting in the water, which, in process of time, assume new shapes, live on the surface of the earth, and crawl like serpents through groves and

and meadows for a while; then eat no more, but erect themselves a tomb, where they lie for some months, and sometimes whole years together, to all outward appearance without life or motion. Yet, these at least revive, are transformed into birds, break through their prison walls, display their radiant feathers to the sun, expand their wings, and commence gay tenants of the airy regions.

Be not surprised, my little dears, that country I am speaking of is our own, and those gay birds are flies, caterpillars, wasps, and bees, which daily present themselves before our eyes. These little insects, and many others, at their issuing from the egg, are little worms, and nothing more, some with, and others without feet. All these, and many other wonderful operations of the hand of Providence will become familiar to you as you grow up, and inspire you with that just